EL PASO HERALD

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HERALD TRAV-

ELING AGENTS.

Some Political Bugaboos

HEY are making a fetich out of the direct primary, just as they are making a fetich out of the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. As if they were a cureall for political ills and evils, the pill rollers are making claims that will not bear close analysis. Moreover, the effort on the part of some ardent persons in Arizona and New Mexico to array the advocates and the opponents of the experimental system along party lines is a failure. You take it in New York. governor Hughes, whose Republicanism none can question, is the most powerful exponent, for example, of the direct primary, while in Ohio, governor Harmon, probably the next candidate of the Democratic party for president, braved the terrible wrath of Bryan, who all but read the governor out of the Democratic party because of Harmon's opposition to the direct primary system.

The Herald has no quarrel with the direct primary, and this paper believes that that the system may be and often is productive of good results; but it is not an inspired doctrine of political salvation, and it has grave defects. The main point we wish to emphasize right here is that the advocate and opponents of the plan cannot justly be ranged along party lines, and some newspapers and particans in the two territories are making a mistake in trying to create a party issue out of this and out of the other experiments, the initiative, referendum, and recall, all of which are being tried out in Republican Oregon and Republican California, as well as in Democratic Oklahoma, and numerous Republicans are hypnotized by them just as some Democrats have been.

One word about the direct primary as contrasted with the convention system: The convention system is in line with the spirit of the American governmental plan, which is a representative democracy of delegated authorities and wide discretions; hence there is room for compromise, the give and take of which all life is made up. Under the convention system the minority of the party has some word in making up platforms and tickets, and a combination of minor elements in othe party may even gather to itself such strength as to become a majority and dictate as the majority should; under the direct primary system the actual minority may win and rule through the division of the numerical majority, and thus we may have the spectacle of the majority of the party actually ruled out of party councils and subordinated to the minority. Yet even with this, The Herald is disposed to favor a fair trial of the system in the various states, especially as to the nomination of United States senators, for experience has proved the impracticability of any free choice among legislators as to senatorships, and the system planned by the framers of the national constitution seriously interferes

with the other work of state legislatures, besides promoting political corruption. As for the referendum, it is not always invoked to smash the grafter, defeat the plans of the unfaithful public servant, or take a fall out of the public service corporations; it may even be used to attain an improper end, and it is barely possible that "the people" may allow themselves to be led into a course of action that their better informed and possibly even honest and conscientious elected servants would not sanction because opposed to public policy. Is the recent Los Angeles case forgotten? The city was cursed with numerous immoral dance halls. The city council enacted an ordinance to regulate them. Thereupon the dance hall proprietors circulated a petition, got the necessary number of signers, and secured a referendum upon the dance hall ordinance. The vote was so light that the desirable ordinance was defeated at the special election. No scheme of this sort, is automatic; the people must act for themselves.

Through more than a century we have developed the American system of responsible representative government, and now in an hour of excessive zeal some would overturn the whole system and set up a new. The proposal may be submitted to close examination, we trust, without bringing any man's honesty # purpose into question.

A New York man testified before the state senate investigation committee that he once bribed a member of that body, now dead. It is always safe for a witness to besmirch the character of a dead person.

While Johnny is worrying because he has to spend six hours a day with his school teacher, many a young man is sitting up nights worrying because he can't have half an hour with her. Age makes a lot of difference in the way a boy views a school teacher.

The Astronomical pnion is the latest-just formed at Los Angeles by the star gazers of the country-but the uniforms evidently did not arrive in time for them to march in the Labor day parade, for they were not in line.

And now we have an oil well right here in El Paso county. Plateau is a candidate for the laurels of Toyah, Beaumont and Sour Lake. Wait till you hear from Shamrock. An oil field with a name like that ought to put all the others

Health Of City In Danger

PERHAPS some of the condemned houses in Chihuahuita can be made habithabitable some way, or destroyed. It would be foolish to turn the thousands of tenants out into the streets at short notice, but a firm and intelligent policy must be adopted and maintained from this time on. Close building inspection and strict application of the laws must prevail. The city has been officially informed as to the appalling facts, and there can be no shadow of excuse for

Three circuses and a fair this fall for El Paso ought to make everybody happy, especially the boys between five and fifty.

El Paso ought to know about her population right soon now. They have finished New York, Chicago and Philadelphia.

If Old Man Ripley, of the Santa Fe, would only come down this way, he would find something to cure that pessimistic grouch he appears to be wearing. El Paso can show him so much prosperity that he'll have to wear smoked glasses to keep his eyes from paining him.

Roosevelt had three banquets, made two speeches, shook over a thousand hands and was initiated into a rough-house lodge in Omaha and called it a quiet day. He would probably have to be kicked by a mule, run over by a trolley car, thrown out of an overturned automobile and shot four times in the left foot before he thought things were getting lively.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

H, LIFE is a wonder and death is a blunder! It's good to be living and strong! It's fine to be chaffing and joking and laughing, and chortling a tra-la-la song! It's great to be working like blitzen and jerking your living from out of the soil! It's gay to be earning real money and spurning the thought of a life without toil. Most all the repining and grunting and whining is done by

loafers, you'll note; the toilers and tillers, old Industry's pillars, no time to complaining devote; they skirmish and rustle, they hump and they hustle, and put up their hay in the sun; they mow and they garner and don't give a darn or a whoop for the indolent one. Such fellows are useful; they're worth a caboose full of men who have nothing to do but grunt all together con-

cerning the weather, the crops, and the government, too. It tell you, dear chappy, if you would be happy, you'll have to get busy and work; there isn't much pleasure for people of leisure, there isn't much use for a shirk. The man who is lazy drives busy men crazy, and over the transom he's hurled; but things keep a-coming to folks who are humming, and this is a bully old world.

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THE JOY

CF LIVING

Wass Mason

Why John Laughed

Rudge, a puffy cheeked, thickset, short

At last Sergt. Pott uttered words of

"I think the best thing we can do is to call at the 'Rose and Crown' and

ask if anybody of the name of John

'Very well," assented the inspector

sagely, with the air of a general anxious to encourage initiative. "Do that."

The crime was ten years old, and occurred in the time of their prede-

essors, for all three policemen came

from another part of the country. Sergt. Pott and constable Rudge set

out for the "Rose and Crown." They deployed their forces. Rudge waited

round the corner, while Pott strode into the hotel (front entrance.) The

first person Pitt met was the head wait-

er (also boots, hotel clerk and hall por-

ter), a flat footed, elderly, double joint-

ed man, wearing the dress suit of a

"Is anybody staying here of the name

'A man with a beard, added Sergt.

'We had a gentleman with a beard

The sergent's eyes gleamed as he be-

Sergt. Pott had a wonderful inspira-

written on the Hning inside. He went

"What's the matter?" gasped the

"We are going to open that bag if

Forthwith Sergt, Pott unclasped the

These last contained a full story

bag, and it flew open. The linen in-

side was all marked "John Jones" and

of the murder of John Jones's mother-

surrendered with palpitating resigna-

What a sensation the capture created!

The papers were full of the story of

grutsome nature. The whole thing was

aked up again in extenso. It appeared

that John Jones, the farmer-butcher, and

his wife's mother were continually war-

stroke, in an outhouse, and the drawer

These details are not of overwaelm-

ing importance to our story, for it is

oner during the trial that we are con-

in his cell his whole manner changed,

and he developed signs of indecent lev-

The long waiting for the trial at the

felong customers, relatives, fellow-

miled at his relatives, who looked down

nterest in the evidence. Of course, he

Then came the address to the jury

laughed sometimes—so did the judge

And what a poble address it was! How

wasmen, strangers, accusers,

erned.' It was an extraordinary thing

and was scoured for him.

was decidedly weary.

several strangers.

did the counsel.

be old crime, in spite of its horribly

it ain't locked. It's a case of murder.

the name of John Jones was

nere. He's going off today."

zled by the brilliancy of the idea.

gasped constable Rudge, daz-

also, and there was a pruse.

Jones is staying there."

By Paul Wright

The Herald's Daily Short Story

HE desk upon which inspector of the presoner before he hatcheted daily increases the friction between the Hodge recorded the charges at The prisoner covered his face with his hands; his shoulders rocked. The Little Popplebury police station was a small one, only just large enough mmodate the elbows of the porteyes of Rudge and Pott almost bulged out of their heads with rage as they ly chief. His subordinates, Sergt. Pott watched the quivering form of the and constable Rudge, who were looking at a letter grasped in his trembling hand, were oblgied to lean on their laughing man. Such a murderer ought to be hanged ten times over. chief's shoulder in their eagerness to The jury retired to consider their verdict. They were away a long time, get their noses close to the remarkable

for the evidence had been conflicting. It was an anonymous communication but at last they filed back into court. sent by post, and written on a half sheet of note paper in a scrawling, il-literate hand, and ran as follows: The prisoner was brought from the cells, and for once snowed some anxiety. leaned forward over the dock as

the foreman uttered the dread words "This is to give information to toe police that John Jones, what "Guilty, my lord." "Prisoner at the bar," began the killed his wife's mother with a 'atchet in Brick Lane ten years ago judge in a voice that commanded re-spect and a tearful, thrilling silence. You have heard the verdict. Have you the market place with a beard." anything to say why ludgment should

The three men read the communicanot be passed upon you?"

The prisoner had drawn himself up, ion again and again. Then inspector Hodge spread himself and cast off his srect as a soldier, and he looked the inferiors from his shoulders, "How shall we nab him?" he asked, judge straight in the eyes. He opened als lips to speak, but suddenly seemed with the air of a general taking counsel to be tickled by some exceedingly comic idea, and bent double, rocking with Sergt. Potts, a raw, red faced, chin-

ess, country yokel, enclosed between "My lord-I'm very sorry, my lordils finger and thumb the chin that was in have something to say. But I have to apologise, my ford—"
"I should think so," muttered the judge haughtily. not there and looked wise. Constable man, rasped a tune on his chin bristles

"I am sorry to have taken up the time of the court, my lord. But, you see, I'm not John Jones at all." There was a dead silence of astonish

ment for a few moments, "Explain yourself," said the judge. "If you please, my lord, it's quite correct. I know I'm like Jean Jones, but the people who have sworn to me are quite wrong. John Jones is now a wealthy cattle breeder in New South Wales, and I'm his paid agent. My name is Jack Brunton."

"Yes, my lord. The man that the police over here are looking for got away safe and sound, but he could never rest for wanting to prove his innocence would have come over himself if he hadn't met me, his double, so to speak; and it occurred to him to pay me nandsomely to come and take his place and stand his trial and see what evidence the police could give, because he wants to come home to the old place. "If what you say is not a fabrication," cried the judge in tones that positively vibrated with outraged dignity.

of John Jones?" asked the strategist.
"John Jones?" murmured the head must bring witnesses to prove your identity." "My witnesses are all here, my lord. There's my old mother, there's sister Annie, and there's Mr. Lauder, the landlord of the 'Bird in Hand' in Market come last night, but what his name is— wait a momen. That's his bag over Basset, where I was born, and where I stayed for a week before coming to the 'Rose and Crown' here. And. ou like, my lord there's the barmaid held the initials "J. J." in brilliant black letters on a brand new kit bag. at the 'Bird in Hand' who marked my linen, the tabs of my boots, and the inside of my hat with John Jones's name He looked inside the hat. Lo and was plastered all over with it.'

These people all came forward, proud of the sensation they created. The trial had broken down. The evidence of the witnesses was undeniable Prisoner Brunton was removed from the

court while the legal heads wagged to

and from whispered consultation.

The prisoner was laughing to himself and slapping his knee in the cell when the warder came to bring him back there was a packet of newspapers, ten years old, held together by an elastic into court. But the sternness of all the faces and the red anger of the judge sobered him a little as he mounted the steps of the dock.

"Hist!" whispered the head waiter.
"He's coming down the stairs." brought up for sentence," said the judge olemnly. John Jones was paring his nails as he slowly descended the stairs, and What!"

"For sentence," repeated the judge ith emphasis. "The trick you have walked right into the arms of the policewith emphasis. men, before he was aware that he was played upon the court constitutes a serlous breach of the law. I am going "Yes, Joan Jenes with a beard!" They to commit you for contempt. eaped upon him and shook him roughly. "Nabbed!" he gasped despairingly, as

"Nine months!" gasped the prisoner he made a frantic lunge to the right. with ashen face. It was a valiant struggle, and if Jack Brunton laughed no more. The John Jones had not been so eager to idge nodded to the warders and waved

damage the canstables he might have is hand towards the prisoner's exit. made his escape several times. As it was, he fought until his coat and waist-"Come on," they sald, as they laid their hands on the prisoner's shoulders. out were torn off and all the men about The prisoner went the place, including the lads-from the stable, arrived to secure him. Then he

LETTERS To the HERALD

ring. He was a heavy, gloomy, sullen, quarrelsome fellow, who was never known to smile; but the mother owned (All communications must bear the signature of the writer, but the name will not be published where such a rea little money, and was tolerated in quest is made). her daughter's house. One day she was discovered, killed by a hatchet

LIKES HERALD MINING NEWS. ontaining her money was found to have Murray, N. M., Sept. 2, 1910. een ransacked. After that John Jones Editor El Paso Herald: never seen again, atthough all Eng-

Thanks for continuing my paper after

he time run out. I have been away for some time and found your card on my return. I will straighten the matore with the demeanor of the pris-I like your paper very that from the moment he was locked reliable mining news that we get here. Yours sincerely Charles Johnson,

EL PASO AND THE HERALD. from Tucumcari (N. M.) News.

assizes must have damped the murderer's spirits, for when he entered the dock he was very pale; and his step El Paso is becoming to the southwest what Oklahoma City is to Oklahoma, the "wonder of the age." She will There were many proud people there he had bought meat of John Jonesin the erection of splendid buildings that would be a credit to an eastern city of half a million population. abashed and shocked, and he winked at one of the principal factors in the city's growth, is the El Paso Herald. The prisoner took a very intelligent

HIG BEND AT FAIR.

From the Marfa (Tex.) New Era. Presidio county should begin to pre-

Will England and Germany Fight? Important Question Of the Age

momentous question propounded

even a probable, war.

Imperialists Pessimistic.

MANY OPINIONS EXPRESSED PRO AND CON.

By Frederic J. Haskin

VILL England and Germany bringing about a universal recognition fight? Oceans of ink have of the fact that war is a useless human been spilled in the last two and economic waste, however glorious politically, the results of which even years in attempts to answer this, the

in the case of the most tremendous

victory cannot compensate for the loss in the realms of international politics involved. for many years. And, naturally, it is

To this argument the imperialists yet unanswered to the satisfaction of reply that the rapidly increasing exanybody. Curiously enough, the sopenditure for military establishments called conservative thinkers, speakers to guarantee the peace soon will prove and writers of both nations directly to be more costly than actual war. interested have replied in the affirma-The Democrats admit this, and tive, and the radicals have said "no. gest that the preparations for war be discontinued and that the poor people The one thing certain is that both British and German governments have of both countries no longer be renot scrupled to multiply burdensome quired to stint their stomachs in order taxes in order to prepare for a possible, that they may afford the luxury of battleships. And then the dispute goes imperialists denouncing Imperialists, their attention directed Democrats as impractical idealists, and solely to the national fortunes of the the Democrats denouncing the two greatest European empires, have perialists as inhuman monsters.

been able to see only the The Military Idea. Military men take a more practical view of the question than either school two countries. They do not scruple to of politicians. It may be that the wish predict an early clash at arms. is father to the thought, but it is a fact say that the continued growth of Ger-many's political power threatens Engthat army and navy officers, not only Britons and Germans, but those land's diplomatic supremacy; that the every other nation, are practically a unit in predicting the certainty of war. increase of Germany's foreign commerce endangers the prosperity of Perhaps it seems to them unthinkable Britain's commercial empire; and, most that such great preparations should be important of all, the avowed intention made all for nothing. Their business of Germany to make its navy strong enough to dispute with England the is to fight, they too seldom get a chance for active service and they aimastery of the seas-all operate ways are pessimistically dubious of the gether to make the war inevitable. efficacy of diplomacy to settle major Democrats Doubt War.

international quarrels. Democrats, with minds engrossed by A long time ago somebody, in disthe economic and sociological problems of the age, declare that neither Gercussing this same question, asked how it was possible for a tiger and a shark to do battle. That was when many nor England can afford to risk the blood and treasure which would be Germany was all army and England lost in such a war, regardless of its was all navy. As long as that condi-

Cruces to attend the New Mexico colissue. They say that the growing so-cial intelligence of both peoples is (Continued on Page 7) Dorothy Dix Says Woman's

Which Loves the Better, Man Or Woman?

N DISCUSSING this subject Mrs. | men in order to lift them up and make Ella Wheeler Wilcox, a heart ex- respectable. pert, if there is one, has recently made the starting ucces. on that men love better than women, and that, in fact, a woman is not capable of a profound affection.

I beg to take issue with my distinguished friend on this point. I believe that it is woman whose love is exhaustless as the seas, as undying as the fixed stars of heaven, and that in comparison man's love is like a summer zephyr that can be started by fan that kisses a cheek for a moment and then vanishes in a sigh.

This great truth has been put into an immortal phrase by Byron, who declared that:

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart. 'Tis woman's whole existence.'

And this opinion has been backed up by all the poets from time immemorial who have sung the fickleness of man. ! and the constancy of woman. What are the proofs of love?

Loyalty and faithfulness-endurance -self-sacrifice. These are the acid tests that we must apply to affection to find out whether it is pinchbeck or pure gold. Words are nothing. Anybody can mouth oats of devotion that are nothing but empty air. It is deeds that count, and if you measure love by what it is willing to bear and suffer for an adored object, by its patience and its humility, by its divine forgiveness, and by the miracle by which it glorifies some commonplace object into the semblance of a god, then, who can deny that woman's power of loving is infinitely greater

than man's? Whether, at the time of marriage, the bridegroom is more romantically In love with the bride than she is with him does not matter. It is vouchsafed to the shallowest hearted of us to at east glimpse the grande passion. The thing that counts is the endurance of with as careless a hand, and that he Cornalitos line on a wheel and found love, its ability to survive the illusions is never as happy as when changing. I the grading being rapidly pushed. oasls in the arid desert of household bills, and petty economies, of sickness, and nerves, and crying bables, and a finding out that the party of the other part is not an angel, or a remantle nero, but a very ordinary and human man or woman.

Woman's love is strong enough to do

this. Man's love selfom is, The statistics of the divorce court are unanswerable on this point. Women obtain more than three-fourths of the divorces, and most of these divorces are granted because of unfaithfulness on the husband's part. of this state of affairs, and the fact that men comparatively seldom charge their wives with unfaithfulness, does it not look as if woman's love was of undeveloped ore; men and women, stronger than man's?

thatic things in the world is the spectacle that we daily see of middle aged substance. women starving themselves half to death, and martyrizing themselves with foolish clothes, and by affecting sprightliness and youthfulness in order to try to keep their middle aged husbands in love with them. "Retain- not know it yet, ing a husband's love," is the technical phrase they use, but you never see a fat, bald headed man of 50 putting himself to any trouble or inconvenience. to try to look young and gay to retain his wife's love

What Woman Does for Love.

ephemeral thing that has to be cosset- great human exhibit ed and cared for, and handled tenderly much, especially the mining part; it if one would keep it, whereas, men The woman was warm-hearted, desurely is forging ahead. It is the only know that wife's love is like a house monstrative and full of sentiment. She for love. She will get up and follow a man to the ends of the earth; she will forsake home, and friends and kindred; she will endure poverty and urely become the city of the southwest. Just the right to love, but do you know Millions of dollars are now being spent any man who would be willing to do these things for a woman? Don't all answer at once, please. No, I don't wife was holding herself in che

men well enough to offer up their whole lives as a sacrifice just on the help some worthless drunkard or roue, a wife of the same vegetable state of their good sense, their sterling virtues, or gambler reform, but you don't ob- development; only with her it was not a pare now a mineral exhibit for the El serve any large number of men whose matter of propriety, but just lack of love and appreciation in their homes? temperament, which caused the trouble. It costs little. valiantly the gentleman in the dirty Paso exposition. We could surprise the wig spoke of the unstained character mining world,

Woman's love is also great enough to forgive. Man's seldom is. The wife who drinks too much or is even suspected of being unfaithful to her marriage vows is, in 99 times out of a who get up night after night to let in get away. drunken husbands, or who wait patiently, year after year, hoping, praying, that after the men they love have and the Huntsman's chorus from grown old and weary of pleasure, and younger and fairer faces have ceased the choral union and are in charge of to attract them that they will come back to them at last.

A friend of mine who was once traveling on herseback through the mountains of Arkansas, came one day upon cans. funeral that was being held in a litamong those primitive people, arose to General Bienaventu

pay his tribute to the dead. "Sairy was a good woman," he said. For the federals, the lineup is "she was just as faithful as a yailer Julian, left field; L. Smith, pit dog under a wagon.

It seems to me that nothing better as faithful os a yellow dog under a wagon. It follows a man through life content to be always at his heels, rewarded with a careless pat now and then, ready to kiss the hand that strikes it, true, through good or ill repute. It is the love that goes down to the gates of death for a man, that stands in the shadow of his glory, or waits for him outside of a prison wall; that puts the laurel crown on his brow or takes into her arms his disconcred body from the gallows.

Man's love never matches this. His love for woman is the flower that he Mexico this season and a large number twines about his life, that is its orna- of Santa Fe freight cars went down the ment and not its stay, that he wearies of as easily as a child and uproots

Abe Martin



Groceries ordered by teelyphone allus seem t' weigh less. With all th' newspapers full o' beauty hints it's funny we don't see more beauties.

A Years Ago To-From The Herald Of day This Date 1896.

Dr. A. K. Albers has gone on a business trip to St. Louis. Thomas Beall has gone to Las

J. Calisher returned from his New York business trip this morning. H. Norwald and wife, of Chihuahus,

are the guests of B. Blumenthal. Maury Kemp, who has been on a ten days' vacation, returns to the Virginia university tonight.

Alward White left today to take an engineering course in the mechanical engineering department at the Las Cruces agricultural college.

Miss Helen Parker Brown, of Chi-

cago, is the latest addition to the musie colony. She is a soprano. The Boys' band, which was organized

year ago, has suspended operations for the present. The one horse rig of the electric light company ran away this afternoon on Mesa avenue. It was driven by Mr.

undred, cast out of a man's home, but Stedman, who had just alighted when the world is full of sad eyed wives his equineship took it into his head to One hundred copies each of the Gipsy chorus from the Bohemian Girl, Weber's der Freischeutz, have come for

> secretary Leitch. ! There was a ball last night in the Casino in honor of governor Ahumada, which was attended by many Ameri-

The federal building and the county the log cabin. A mountaineer's wife gore this afternoon for the district was dead, and she lay in her coffin, a poor, gaunt figure, with work knotted it up from Whoopville. The eccasion hands folded across her quiet breast, will be distinguished by the presence and her husband, as is the custom of a noble Castillan, el Don Sr. Illmo assistant janktor at the courthouse Will Davis, first base; James Dwyer, second base; E. S. Newman, shortstop; epitomizes the love of woman. It is W. E. Race, third base; Col. Greenwood, center field; Peyton Edwards, catcher; Col. Watson, right field; lusty substitutes, J. H. Boone, Alf Hampton, J. H. Adams, John Fulkerson, and S. L. Purdy. It was found imposible to get the lineup of the county court house Judge Hunter, however, will acrobats.

pitch the first ball. The officers of Fort Bliss and the band went over to Juarez this afternoon to return the official visit of governor Ahumada, who recently inspected

the American garrison.

The Mexican Central will haul an immense quantity of oranges out of road last night to bring the fruit back.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Writes On When Love Is Undemonstrative

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esting study in the world. They loyal wife. But she was as unemo varying characteristics of the other three kingdoms—the mineral, the vegetable and the purely animal, unawakcombine all the peculiarities and table and the purely animal, unawakened by human consciousness. There are men who are mere chunks

Nor is this all. One of the most pathe divine gold back of the dull earthy There are others who seem to be only

in the vegetable state, and many who have paused at the animal stage of deawakened gods; but many of them do A woman who is highly and sensi-

tively developed in the domain of the emotions, and a man equally developed, happened to be talking to a mutual friend upon the same day; yet the two were strangers, and had never met, and will never meet in all probability. Both however, were suffering from the same trouble; and both were mated or rather This shows that women recognize married to "specimens" which belonged that a man's love is a fleeting and in another case, so to speak, in the

The Cold-Blooded Vegetable Man. cat that you can't drive away, no was married to a man who was good matter how you starve it and beat it. and kind, but severely conventional, Look also at what a woman will do who regarded all demonstrations of affection, such as spontaneous caresses, a handclasp, or a sudden word of tender

The woman who came up behind her want and hardships, and ask nothing his shoulders, in the presence of other husband's chair and put her arm about members of the family, or where any shocked his sense of the proprieties. So the warm-hearted and impulsive Every day you see women who love she would displease her husband, by stantly; and always living in fear that the radiant interior of the really happy some unrestrained impulse of affection The man, who spoke to the mutual bare chance that they may be able to friend of his unhappiness, was united to

T TUMAN beings are the most inter- ful manager, a good housekeeper, a tional and phicamatic as a cabbage or

no understanding of the loneliness of a heart which game love in full measure, and which longed for some expression, some word, some look, some act, which was not asked, but which came spontaneously of its own accord.

The Lack of Spontaneous Love, She appreciated her husband; she proved it by her good everyday virtues, but the man wanted to be loved. He wanted to have his wife's heart, sometimes, run away with her everyday virtues and to send her in a rush of tenderness to his arms; to have her say, unquestioned, those delightful old words

which make the music of the spheres. But this good woman, like many other good men and women was letting the best side of the heart of her lifemate starve for lack of a little spontaneous sentiment, a little real romance brought into the home circle.

Compared with the great tragedies which mar many lives, the troubles of these two people are very trivial. The Road Up Life's Calvary.

Cruelty, disloyalty, drunkenness, drugs, ill tempers are the crosses which many wives and husbands have to bear up earth's Calvary; To be crucified is terrible! But to be

slowly frozen to death is also an undeasant experience. There is nothing earth has to offer beings of much value (outside of self-development) save a happy and

serene home life Amfable dispositions, patience, tenye, save the eye of God could see, der words, ready smiles, spontaneous shocked his sense of the proprieties. resses, given without demand, are the beautiful bits of mosaic which form

> tomes of the land. Why may not sensible men and women build such homes by their daily ves; why may they not retain all